# MY TRUST
## *and* OTHER VERSE

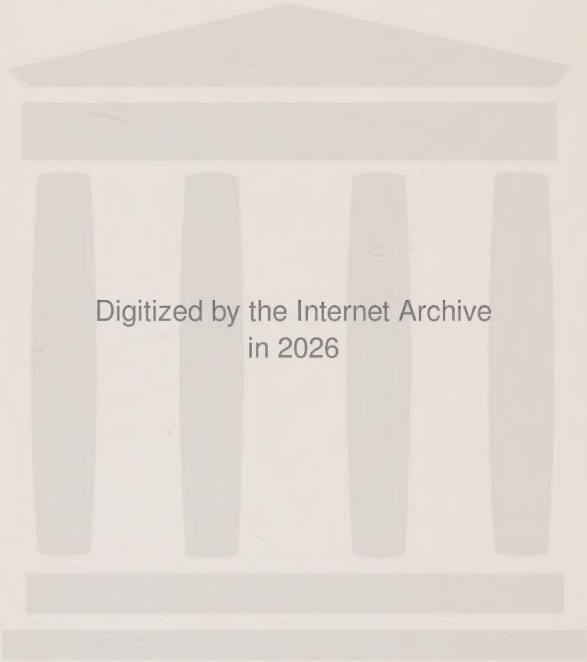
CAROLINE SALOME WOODRUFF

STATE OF VERMONT

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY COMMISSION

Adult Collection

St. Johnsbury Region



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/mytrustothervers0000caro

# MY TRUST
## *and* OTHER VERSE

# MY TRUST
## *and* OTHER VERSE

BY

CAROLINE SALOME WOODRUFF

THE TUTTLE COMPANY
Publishers
RUTLAND, VERMONT

Copyright, 1928

By

THE TUTTLE COMPANY

Rutland, Vermont

---

Printed in U. S. A.

To the memory of my mother
OCTAVIA BEMIS WOODRUFF
the influence of whose gentle spirit
has been an abiding presence in my life

83955
St. J.

# FOREWORD

Friends have induced the author to offer for publication a little volume of verse written by her from time to time.

She does not assume special literary merit as the basis of selection. They are merely a portrayal of various moods and experiences of common human interest.

Thanks are here expressed to P. F. Volland and Company, to the North American Music Company, to the Vermonter and to the daily press for courteous permission to use various verse here included.

C. S. W.

# CONTENTS


| | Page |
|---|---|
| MY TRUST | 13 |
| CON AMORE | |
| I Love the World | 17 |
| My Home | 19 |
| My Friend | 21 |
| The Home-Town | 22 |
| My Birthday | 24 |
| To Little Kingsley | 25 |
| On a Birthday | 26 |
| Your Birthday | 27 |
| The Old Syringa Tree | 28 |
| Prayer | 29 |
| MOODS and MEDITATIONS | |
| Unseeing Eyes | 33 |
| The Little Clock | 34 |
| Happiness | 35 |
| What Hast Thou in the House? | 36 |
| Rod or Serpent | 37 |
| Go Forth Upon the Mount | 38 |
| Summit Land | 39 |
| Voices of the Past | 40 |
| God | 41 |
| If We Could See the End | 42 |
| Till the Moon Shall Be No More | 43 |
| The Search | 44 |
| A Mighty Loving | 45 |
| His Dreams | 46 |
| His Alma Mater | 47 |
| The Hills | 49 |

LITTLE JOURNEYS NEAR AND FAR


The Canopic . . . . . 53
Sorrento . . . . . 55
Capri . . . . . 56
Pompeii . . . . . 58
The Lion of Lucerne . . . . 60
The Desert . . . . . 61
The Canyons . . . . . 62
A Vermont June . . . . . 63
Spring in Vermont . . . . . 64
Harbingers of a Vermont Spring . 65
Autumn in Vermont . . . . 67
Lake Willoughby . . . . . 68


THE CORNERSTONE


Laying the Cornerstone, Castleton Normal School . . . . . 71


LIVING DAYS


Ash Wednesday . . . . . 77
The New Year . . . . . 78
Christmas 1921 . . . . . 79
Christmas 1922 . . . . . 80
Christmas 1923 . . . . . 81
Easter . . . . . 82
Class Day—June 7, 1924 . . . . 83
Thanksgiving 1919 . . . . . 85
The 150th Anniversary of Vermont's Declaration of Independence . 87


SOME OF THE GENTLY GREAT


Anna Howard Shaw . . . . 93
Ella Flagg Young . . . . . 94
Ludger Toussaint . . . . . 95
J. E. W. . . . . 97

Page

M. E. P. . . . . 99
The Lone Eagle . . . . 101
A Poet Soul . . . . . 103

THE WORLD IN TRAVAIL

Let There Be Light . . . . 107
At War . . . . . 109
Flag of the Belgians . . . . 110
Which . . . . . 111
Is It I? . . . . . 112
The King Who Came Back . . 115
Christ's Gray General . . . 117
Memorial Day 1918 . . . 118
Shall They Have Died in Vain . . 119

THE FLOOD

The Challenge . . . . 123
Vermont Triumphant . . . 125

# MY TRUST

## MY TRUST

I am a teacher—
And trusting, childish eyes
Look unto me confidingly,
Their little hands in mine,
To follow me, to anywhere.
Be my way or high or low or middle ground
They follow.
Oh, let me feel
What mighty trust is mine!

I am a teacher—
And ardent, restless, longing youth
Look unto me expectantly,
Fulfilment of their dreams to aid.
As I lead they follow.
Oh, let me take the upper road
Leading to the heights
And they must follow.
A mighty trust is mine!

One there was
Known throughout the ages
And over all the world—
The Great Teacher,
Who leads forever to the Light.
His name I bear.
Oh, wondrous thought
That challenges my highest, best.
I am a teacher.

1925

CON AMORE

## I LOVE THE WORLD

I love the world
And all that's fair within it—
The sunshine, yes, the shadows, too;
I love the stars, the rippling streams, the violets,
The long and deepening twilights,
And early song of birds in springtime,
The laugh of little children at their play.

I love the evening moisture on my face,
The pat of baby fingers and caress of loving hands,
The feel of moss and velvet
And the touch of mother's cheek.

I love the busy hum of voices,
The jostling crowds upon the street,
The hearty greetings at the festive board;
I love the rainbow colors playing over hills at early
dawn,
The spires of evergreen that climb forever upward;
I love the raindrops' monotone beneath my window,
And jolly whistling winds at midnight,
The church bell's heavy peal and early matin chime.

'Tis life I love in all its countless forms,
And life gives life to me.
These tell of life abundant,
Reflection of the Great Love which made them all.

1925

## MY HOME

My home is in a spot, oh wondrous fair,
Itself and all within it
Built of what endures.
It draws me back
However far my feet have led
And to what goodly place.
It is a hallowed spot,
Here joy is and heartache too has sometimes been,
But always love has kissed away the tears
And sunlight broken through.

Others know it only as a simple house
Set among the hills,
A tree or two, some shrubbery,
Vines screening in the little porch,
Some blossoms in the Summer-time,
A lighted hearth in Autumn,
A picture brought from travel far,
A table spread for friends sometimes.
To them, that's all.
To me it is a shrine
Where God is found
For love within it is.

Where love abides
The very walls breathe out aroma
Costly, rare,
And everything within it
To the touch is velvet,
To the eyes a thing more lovely
Than hardly earth can hold.
And every sound therein is music.
Let love depart, it crumbles,
'Tis gone, all gone,
No power on earth or heaven to lift it up.

But love can rear a palace
On the farthest height or in the desert.
Home is a thing of spirit;
Love only maketh home.

1926

## MY FRIEND

Speechless at thought of thee
I stand—
For thou art mine by choice
Of you and me.
Not because some chance
Gave us the same blood ties,
But from among the host
We chose—you and I.
Wanting either no friendship is
However deep the affection be
On either side.
Somewhere thou always wert,
And in the half-unconscious, unfelt longing
For an answering soul
Thou camest forth
And heart touched heart.

1926

## THE HOME-TOWN

Dear little town among the hills—
We sing thy praise today,
Bring grateful homage from our hearts
That turn to thee alway.
And so from every fireside hearth
Shall glad thanksgiving rise
For all thy sturdy, earnest past
That littleness defies.

Oh, little town among the hills—
We love each winding street,
The shading elms, the quiet homes
Where friends are wont to meet,
The church spires pointing to the sky,
The bells that call to prayer,
The busy mart, the jostling throng,
Life stirring everywhere.

We love the joyous, gladsome sound
Of children at their play,
Whose unrestrain-ed merriment
Is music all the day.
We love the early melting snows
When maple trees grow sweet,
The long, bright, blissful, Summer days,
The wild flowers at our feet.

We love thy wooded slopes beyond,
The fields and meadows green,
The streams that trickle down the hills,
The verdant vales between.
We love the early song of birds,
The thrushes' mellow call,
Diffusing joy from happy throats
As lengthening shadows fall.

Our tribute to those pioneers
Who turned our virgin soil,
Gave us the heritage sublime
That follows honest toil—
The strength that comes from sweated brow,
The horny-handed might,
The powerful arm, the mind alert—
These be our free-born right.

So, little town among the hills—
Thy sons and daughters true,
If e'er they've faltered in their trust,
Return with purpose new,
Life's stern demands and homely tasks
With vigor to pursue,
That thy fair name be never dimmed
Thy glory kept in view.

*Saint Johnsbury Pageant*—1912

## MY BIRTHDAY

I wake to know another day that is my own
And hug it close.
Friends tell me of their love in countless ways
And little children whom I perhaps have only smiled upon
Bring flowers they have plucked.
I love them all and heaven seems very near,
But always, always comes the troublous thought at early dawn
Of the long, long night of travail
Which my mother knew that I might have the light,
And first a prayer for her.
Oh mothers, blessed mothers,
Our birthdays all are yours, not ours.

1925

## TO LITTLE KINGSLEY

Fair child of God
Sent for a little while
To gladden human hearts,
And then to be forever
Part of that immortal heritage
Given to bless and sanctify.

The little life in all its sweetness
Is as much a part of us
As when we held him in our arms,
The winsome face uplifted
With answering smile to meet
The soft caress.
He is ours, and will forever be,
Gift of the great Love
Wherewith all hearts are blessed.

1898

## ON A BIRTHDAY

Today is like the sunshine
  That floods the world with cheer;
It brought you down from Heaven
  And now it brings you here.

This sunny day in April
  Will come with us to be
A day of richer meaning
  For it belongs to thee.

April 17

## YOUR BIRTHDAY

I'd fill your cup till it o'erflows
With all the good that Heaven bestows.
But love is still the sweetest bit;
Take this, my friend, there's more of it.

1920

## THE OLD SYRINGA TREE

Nothing ever speaks to me
Like the old syringa tree.
Every year in early June
Something sets my heart a-tune,
Whispers love of days gone by,
Tells me love can never die.
Love may fade awhile from sight
As the stars on cloudy night,
But love is here and love is mine
As of old in blossom time.

Sweet syringa, leave me never,
Cast thy spell around me ever;
Give to youth thy message clear,
Love lives on and love is here.

June 1925

## PRAYER

(*For one over weary*)

Father, hear,
May — she — rest,
Sleep, — dear, — sleep.
Drop — all — care — and —
Rest, — dear, — rest, —
Sleep, — dear, — sleep.
Free — thy — heart —
From — every — fear —
And — rest, — dear, — rest, —
Sleep, — dear, — sleep.

1910

MOODS and MEDITATIONS

## UNSEEING EYES

Who says the snow is white?
He whose unawakened sight
Sees only seeming things.
He did not ride with me o'er Danville hills
This morn at sunrise,
When snow was purpling violet
And silver-gray and gold;
Nor yesternoon see with me fields of azure
Deepening to sapphire in the woodland shadows.
He did not watch the crimsoning snows
As sank the sun behind the western hills
Tingeing the very atmosphere
With lingering blushes.

Ah, myriad tints proclaim the rainbow hues
On snowy hillsides
Could we but waken to its splendor.

January 1, 1925

## THE LITTLE CLOCK

The clock is ticking fast away
    These blessed hours.
At every stroke some soul is born,
    Another dies.
Oh, stay thy beating
    Lest I lose
The message that I fain would hear.

Gird on my armor for the day,
    Nor let me rest
Till I have borne my part in life,
    And then good-night.

1917

## HAPPINESS

Who seeks afar for happiness
Will find it not.
It stands a guest unheeded at thy very door today,
Open thine eyes to see,
Thine ears to hear,
Thy heart to feel,
The call for touch of human sympathy;
In answering this there enters
And close beside thee sits
The guest thou soughtst in vain afar.

1913

## WHAT HAST THOU IN THE HOUSE

II Kings 4

"What hast thou in the house?" the Master said;
"Only a pot of oil";
He made of it o'erflowing store.
Only a meagre crust,
Only one talent small,
Only a thwarted life made seeming poor.

Fear not, dear heart,
In God's great treasure house of love
He holds for thee
More than ye ask or think.
He brings no strange and unfamiliar gift,
But takes the thing thou hast
And makes it more.

1924

## ROD OR SERPENT

It seemed a serpent — writhing, ugly thing —
But in the Master-hand became a rod
Wherewith to smite what blocked
His path of progress.

God bids us, as did the Patriarch of old,
Take up the seeming serpent in our way,
Nor shrink before it;
That, firmly held within our grasp,
It may become a rod to us —
The very thing most needed.

1924

## GO FORTH UPON THE MOUNT

God speaks to us
Upon the mountain top;
There only we may hear Him.
'Tis when we stand on higher ground
The vision comes to us.

We must up above the petty things
That warp our judgment by their seeming values,
That close our eyes to glories yet unseen.

God calls us up into the Mount
Where He would speak to us
And give to us the vision.

1924

## SUMMIT LAND

My heart is reaching out for Summit Land,
Above the fogs,
Into a clearer atmosphere than I have known.
I feel 'tis near
Could I but brush away the mists that hide.

Sometimes the air grows thick about me
Till I scarce can see —
Then understanding comes and clears it half away
And almost I can feel the land toward which I yearn.

I would not live along the valleys
Nor yet upon the plane of common things,
I must be lifted up
Where seeming earthly clouds are not
Nor dim the sight.
Oh! Lead me up into the Summit Land.

1924

## VOICES OF THE PAST

What sayest thou to me,
Voice of the mighty past?
Dost thou bid me journey on
Led by the same great Hand
That brought the heathen
From his darkest night,
That led forth Israel's children
To the promised land —
That all along the ages
Has been Guide
To those who trust in Him?

I hear those voices calling me
And bidding me take heart again,
For never yet was man's despair
So deep His hand could not restore
And yet make glad.
Louder and ever louder
Calls that clear, strong voice,
"However dark the way may seem, dear heart,
Go on and ever on to meet the light,
It surely shines for thee."

1910

## GOD

The tiniest leaf that flutters in the breeze
Whispers His name —
The violet, the little blade of grass,
The drop of rain.

The laugh of little children at their play
Speaketh of Him,
The hum of busy voices in the market-place
Striving for honest gain.

The love that sits beneath the lowly roof
Says He is there,
The Majesty that hovers o'er the palace gate
Speaks yet again.

Where'er the heart bears heavy load
There He is found —
No less in blissful hours when hearts are glad
And joys abound.

We close our eyes and still we feel His hand,
'Tis everywhere —
For love is God and God is now and here.

1915

## IF WE COULD SEE THE END

(Set to music and copyrighted by Leo Friedman)

If we could see the end, dear heart,
Of all our struggle here,
Our yearning hearts would grow more calm,
Our troubles disappear.

For He who planned the whole, dear heart,
Made sunshine and the rain —
Made gladness, effort, and defeat,
Joy, not unmixed with pain.

So when at last we reach the end
A pattern rare we'll see,
Blending what seems both good and ill
In perfect harmony.

1917

## TILL THE MOON SHALL BE NO MORE

(Set to music by Keats Moran)

Underneath the starlit skies we sit in silence
By the winding, sandy shore —
Whispering each unto the other love undying,
Till the moon shall be no more.

Stars above are breathing out our blessed story,
Sifting sands repeat it o'er,
Restless waves are telling ever of our love, dear,
Till the moon shall be no more.

Stars may Fade — the sea grow calm, the sands be numbered,
E'en the skies above may lower,
But my love for thee, dear heart, shall be unending,
Till the moon shall be no more.

1916

## THE SEARCH

We may search for the beautiful all the world over,
Its treasures ennobling and true —
But the life that hides not in its deepest recesses
A beautiful soul will not find it to view.

1917

## A MIGHTY LOVING

(Suggested by the President's address at the National Education Association meeting in Pittsburg July, 1918)

Full high above all else —
Above a mind endowed with richest gifts,
Above a life enshrined in stainless beauty,
Above a clean white soul in virtue clad,
Above a purpose that would lead
To realms of knowledge yet unseen,
Should be in all who guide our youth,
A power for *mighty loving.*

## HIS DREAMS

I care not in what place
He first saw light, nor when;
I care not what his heritage
Of kin or race,
Nor if he live
In goodly house or cabin;
I care not how he earn his fare
Nor whether he be plain of feature
Or fair to look upon;
But this I do — his dreams by day, by night,
And what strange mystic presence hovers near
That fires his spirit, frees his soul,
The urge that leads him onward —
These tell me what he is and shall be.
And what he dreams and what he is is all.

1927

## HIS ALMA MATER

'Tis mostly thought
That four years living in sequestered halls of learning,
In classic atmosphere and erudite,
With contacts cultural —
These give a claim to sonship,
Rich heritage in the sacred walls
Which henceforth alma mater is to him.

What then of him whose life is spent
In other setting, matriculating there,
Who talks with hills and running brooks and stars,
Whose thought is turned to books,
Who loves the violets
And singing birds and whispering trees,
Communing with the beauty and the riches of creation
And learning ever of it?

Who walks with little children,
Has daily contact with his peers,
Learning of them all,
Sharing with them

All the wealth that has been his,
And in giving lessens not his store.
What is his alma mater,
What but God's universe itself?

1925

## THE HILLS

I love the nearness of the Hills,
Their intimate caresses hold me
And I feel protection in their folds,
As tired children in the embrace
Of arms 'neath which they
Long have nestled.
The Psalmist lifted up his eyes unto the hills
And looking found the help.
Yes, God is everywhere — the plain,
The sea, the valley and the air above.
But when He'd speak unto the heart of man
He leads him to the Hills.

1927

# LITTLE JOURNEYS NEAR AND FAR

## THE CANOPIC

"All ashore who are going ashore,"
The gang plank in and we are off.
Thrills of mingled joy, regret, uncertainty and longing
Stir all on board
Until the dimming outlines of those we love,
Waving their last godspeed, fade away,
The pilot-boat returns and shore lines cease to be,
And naught remains but boundless waters compassing.

There sit on thy broad decks today,
As have sat countless others
And will again as many more,
Tourists gay, sad, silent, joyous,
Some with their first wild thrills of ecstasy
Upon the sea.
Some others there not unaccustomed to it,
Bent each upon some purpose at the end
But finding, mayhap, bigger thing unsought,
Upon the voyage.

Oh beautiful ship, steady and sure,
Riding in majesty on
Over the fields of blue,
Thou art our mother holding us in safety
Close 'neath thy protecting arms.

1924

## SORRENTO

Dream spot where lovers linger,
It stands upon the ancient bluff above the sea,
Air heavy at nightfall with sensuous fragrance
Of olive and orange and lime-trees,
Fit dwelling place for the gods of Beauty and Rapture,
Languishing in its arms
Which encircle with fondness.

Oh, ardent, impassioned Sorrento,
With all thine endearing caresses,
We yearn for the spell of thee.

1924

## CAPRI

On rugged island crag
Where once the Roman Emperors dwelt
In pomp and splendor,
Secure, serene, and satisfied it looks out
Upon the bay.
It knows the lure to beauty lovers
That lies deep beneath the walls —
The Grotto —
Blue waters, arches, dome, blue atmosphere,
Blue everything and everywhere;
Unlike the azure tints of sky or bird or blossom,
A blue that never was nor will be else.

And to its summit, round and round the cliff
To Anacapri the roadway leads,
Where roses grow and black-haired maidens,
Jars deftly poised upon their heads,
Stand witchingly with dreamy eyes that speak.
Here grapevines clamber over walls invitingly,
And there a wayside shrine, with Crucifix,
Brings rest and peace
To footsore travellers bent that way.

Men ply their trade and folk are busy there today.
And ruins tell of other centuries pulsate with life
Of what was once a great world center.
Watch from its summit the splendor of the sea,
The beauty of the shore,
And feel its matchless charm
That bids one linger.

1924

## POMPEII

City of the dead, men call it —
Not so to me.
Teeming with life though silent
Like the solemn calm
That follows heavy storm,
But through it all runs
Breathing, palpitating human life
Still echoing down the empty roadways
Aching with stillness
And longing yet to speak.

Men gather in the market place
With laughter loud and merry voices,
The charioteer drives gaily down the street,
Children are splashing
In the fountains of the court,
Women adorn themselves with jewels,
In softest flowing garments,
And Nydia, sightless, comes
With flowers for Glaucus.
All these I see and more.

A blossom pushes modestly its way
Through hardworn, rocky pavement,
Seed left from some far-off day
Too long forgot,
Telling us life has always been.

Dream-city? — Maybe,
But dreams and vision very real are here
For eyes affixed to see.
Where human hearts have lived,
And loved and struggled,
Life is forever,
And Pompeii lives today.

1926

## THE LION OF LUCERNE

The great heart ceased with mighty struggle,
Baffled and beaten back—not vanquished.
How like some giant force
Impregnable, it seems;
A moment silent
But to gather strength redoubled;
And yet a something strangely human,
Compelling in its almost supernaturalness,
Till half-unconsciously one falls
Beneath its spell.
The master-chisel, depicting death
Upon the rocky cliff
Gave to it life immortal,
Symbol of matchless devotion.

1926

## THE DESERT

Buttes of the Rockies, strangely formed,
A something compelling
In their desolate majesty
That calls to worship —
A mystery, a challenge,
That holds a spell about me.

Sand wastes men call them.
Not so they seem to me.
In solitude where quiet is,
No human voice nor evidence of man,
There God is found.
He speaks in no uncertain language
And infinity is very near.
The silence of the desert!
Who tunes his ear to catch its meaning
Will find the Presence there.

1923

## THE CANYONS

Phantom city — with its castellated towers
And minarets — its mammoth gateways,
Pillars, battlements and bridges,
Strangely fashioned by hands unseen and silent,
Untenanted nor now nor ever
Save by ghostly forms that today
As in the long, long ages gone
Haunt noiselessly its walls.
They speak to us in language
Known alone in solitude —
A something there brings God to man
A little closer.

1923

## A VERMONT JUNE

Intoxicate with beauty
Over hills I ride
And down adjacent valleys,
In vernal glory clad;
And now a pause
To drink more deep
The matchless splendor,
Till almost faint
My soul cries out "It is enough."
God's handiwork unnerves
And overpowers.
The human soul must grow more great
To hold the lavish measure.

1926

## SPRING IN VERMONT

The lavish beauty of Summer stands unchallenged,
None questions the glory of Fall
With its gardens of Paisley adorning the hillsides,
Nor Winter's millions of jewels, besprinkling the valley
But the heart reaches upward, the spirit aspires,
And we live and we love,
In the Spring.

1922

## HARBINGERS OF A VERMONT SPRING

Oh the grey days of Springtime
When blue is the air,
And the frostbuds are flitting away
And the warmth of the sunlight
Though hidden, we know,
Is just ready to pounce down in play.

When the ice on the river
Is bulging in spots
As it feels the warm pressure below,
When the soft, gentle breezes
Frisk down from above
Driving off the old ice-sheets and snow.

E'en the crows in their cawing
Bring joy to our hearts,
And the pussies invite our caress,
And the sap in the maples
Creeps up from the ground
To relieve the old Winter's distress.

Oh the slush on the sidewalks
As children splash by!
And the smell of the dear, old brown earth
And the piping of robins,
The bursting of buds,
All proclaim the rich season's new birth.

1915

## AUTUMN IN VERMONT

Though among the seven wonders of the ancient
world are named
The walls and hanging gardens down in Babylon
far-famed,
Fairer yet gleam forth the gardens on our glorious
Autumn hills,
Royal-robed in all their splendor—sight that all our
being thrills!

Never hand of man has painted half the glory here
revealed —
Not the skill of all the ages finds the secret here
concealed.
We may count the world's great wonders, man-
conceived and man-designed,
Naught compares in grandeur, beauty, with the
works of the Eternal Mind.

1910

## LAKE WILLOUGHBY

Oh Willoughby! fair Willoughby!
How still thou art today
Beneath those lazy, laughing cliffs,
So peaceful every way.

Oh Willoughby! dark Willoughby!
Thy face is frowning sore;
The beetling, rugged rocks above
Seem fairly tumbling o'er.

Oh changeful, restless Willoughby!
How like a fitful child —
Today tempestuous and loud,
Tomorrow sweet and mild.

But oh we love thee, Willoughby!
For all thy freaks and turns;
To see thee, yes, be close to thee,
Our spirit often yearns.

1912

# THE CORNERSTONE

## LAYING THE CORNER STONE, CASTLETON NORMAL SCHOOL

(August 23, 1924)

Rich legacy is ours! passed down to us
From all these many years, making possible what is,
Till it in turn become the heritage of that which shall be.

The past bids us still journey on,
Led by the same Great Hand
That guided through the wilderness and storms of
other days,
That has led and will lead righteous purpose evermore;
And we follow,
Reaching out unto some bigger, better thing than has been.

There were who said its work was ended
When to ashes fell this classic structure
Wherein had been housed the real thing of which we speak.
More thought it, but it was not so,
And straightway every nerve and sinew, every vein and cell
With life was pulsate,
And it rose and moved among us,
And everywhere men saw it was not dead,
But revivified it stood
A challenge, scoffing at the empty hole

Which seemed the burial place
Of what had been for nigh a century,
Defiant said, "Not brick nor mortar,
Not polished floors, nor rugs, nor pictures on the wall,
Nor trophies fair of other days,
Nor even halls replete with books
Wherein are stored the product of great minds;
Not these can make a living thing.
They all are gone.
But this was built of spirit,
And of love, tradition, sacrifice;
'Twas built of purpose,
Whereby men and women struggled and were glad.
No fire, nor earthquake, no, nor any hand of man
Can touch a living soul. Such was this school."

We build anew these walls of which today
We lay the corner stone,
And justly glory at what soon shall be,
Reared in all its splendor,
A symbol of what really is, a garment clothing it,
A house to shelter it, a fortress
'Neath whose walls protection is;
Material body in which lives the soul
That has been all these years, is,
And will be till the time shall come
When no more need is, even then
'Twill live in other form.

We who help to rear these walls today
See not alone the stuff of which 'tis made;
We see itself, a changing, growing thing.
On us is laid its further way, whether we will or no,
From us it must take nurture, year by year,
By us it must have guidance in its onward course,
Widening, expanding, leading out
Among the hills and down adjacent valleys,
Through hands of earnest youth,
Imbued with high ideals,
That shall carry on
The work for which they've striven here;
And children, richest treasure of our own beloved State,
From them shall catch its spirit
And pass on to other hands
Its message.

Because of these, the children,
We are building now this structure.
They are the State, and what it shall be
Lies in them today;
From them must issue all the high, ennobling
thought and deed
These rugged old Green Mountains signify.
Through them we shall achieve
No less than has the past, nay, more.

And those who lead them day by day
Must catch the gleam themselves,
Must know their own high calling,
Must see its import, feel its challenge.
They must have vision, knowledge, truth.
This be our joyous mission, showing them the Light
And opening eyes to see it.
For them no price too great.
And little ones about us now, yes, those as yet unborn,
Shall grow to age
And bless the hands that made this possible.

God give us wisdom, courage, power,
Endow us all with mighty purpose,
Fortify with justice, honor, truth,
And future yet undreamed is ours.

# LIVING DAYS

## ASH WEDNESDAY

Alone He dwelt in the wilderness
God only near —
Shall we not from the daily round of care
And pleasure for a season draw apart
In sweet communion with His holy will?
Strength from on high He hourly sought,
Courage to meet the day —
The taunts and jeerings of the multitude,
Forsaken even by His friends, the cross, the tomb —
When lo! He looks beyond and sees
*The stone is rolled away.*

1918

## THE NEW YEAR

1925

The Old, Old Story, told again,
Has brought us close in heart,
Hallowing friendships old
And bidding new take deeper root.
The Star shall lead us up to higher ground
Whence we may look beyond our narrow ken
Unto the heights.

And as the New Year comes,
Freighted with richest treasure
Even when hid from view,
May our vision be more clear
To find within the seeming drab of daily round
Shining nuggets, revealing to us
The life resplendent.

## CHRISTMAS

1921

I wish thee,
In the homely rounds of every day,
A finding of the bigger life
That knows itself in Him
Whose day it is.

## CHRISTMAS

1922

The old, new season comes again
When Love Supreme, once manifest
From lowly manger-bed,
Bids friend to friend recount
The joy each has in each.
May Christmas love and joy and peace
Be yours, my friend, throughout the year.

## CHRISTMAS

1923

This day — more hallowed made
By love of friends
Reflecting love of Him who made it —
Brings us near in heart and mind.
May joy in its glad message
Be yours and mine.

## EASTER

The long, dark nights and weary days are over,
The stone before the door of that new sepulchre
Is rolled away,
He stands, our risen Lord, among His followers,
The Light of all the world forevermore —
Oh, glad new day!

1920

## CLASS DAY

June 7, 1924*

They say this class of 1924
Is nearly through at Castleton.
It is not so,
'Twill never be.
It stands apart from others,
It knew a day no other ever had to know
Nor will have, so we hope;
This class has had supremest test
And met it.
Their ranks all filled,
Not one who turned away!

All gloriously they rose
From that dark hour in early morn
That seemed defeat
Of all they had been striving for.
Above it all they stood triumphant,
Never looking back.
They faced the light
Which went before them all the way,
Has led them and will lead —
To see, not loss, but gain,
For in that mighty challenge

They found a bigger, better thing than was —
The strength that comes with rising from a fall,
The joy that knows itself
In lack of what it had held dear,
The poise that makes secure
When big things come and petty disappear.
Will this be ever lost to Castleton?
It cannot be.
The torch which they have lighted
Will light those in other hands
Till wider gleams the light.
So may it, shall it be —
Our class of '24.

*Following the fire which destroyed the main school building and dormitory with their contents.

## THANKSGIVING—1919

For Summer sunlight, kissing vale and hill;
For rain and snowflakes, Autumn leaves and stars;
For hills and woods and flowers and joy of Spring
We thank thee, Lord.
For smell of violets and mossy beds.

For song of birds and drowsy hum of bees;
For music, laughter, yes — and sometimes tears;
For love of friends and tender memories
We give thee thanks,
For rest at night when weary of our task.

For all the high ideals toward which men strive;
For noble souls that speak to us today
Leading us up to heights as yet ungained
We thank thee, Lord;
For that fair hope that leads us on.

We thank thee, oh our God, that we can live
And play some little part in this great day
When doubt, distrust, unrest are rife
On every hand.
For strength to lift the weaker ones.

We thank thee too for our heroic dead
Whose lives are speaking yet;
For human hearts that beat in sympathy
When need is sore;
For love whose hand is always near.

For that blest heritage of noble sires —
The sturdy strength of arm and mind and soul
That never knows defeat in righteous cause
Where'er 'tis found.
Oh give us hearts to feel thy bounty everywhere.

## THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF VERMONT'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

January 15, 1927

A clarion peal — loud, clear and resonant—
Is calling to the sons and daughters
Far and near of old Vermont,
Reverberating down the hundred fifty years
Since little dauntless group
Sat in old Westminster Hall
And flung to all the world
That mighty challenge.
Freedom was their cry, dependence on no other.

The same intrepid spirit flows within our veins,
Quickens the heart beat — stirs the soul
At thought of this our heritage.

And what are we
Who listen to the tales repeated oft?
Some say our mettle is less keen today —
But pause and let us draw
From out the storehouse of the days not too remote.
An answering call has come
From many a quiet hearthstone
Down the years:

Once in no uncertain tone the word flashed
Half around the world —
"Enemy's vessels all sunk with hardly loss of any man,"
And valiant son of old Vermont was hero of the conflict.
Again a sturdy son in stentorian voice
Persistently reiterating,
Carried the great Convention Hall —
"Vermont casts her eight votes for Benjamin
Harrison of Indiana,"
And the day was won.
The same deep voice cried "Cuba must be free"
And Spain released her iron hand.

A dreamer watching balance crude
Record the weight of huge loads of hay,
Saw from the deep recesses of his youthful brain
What others had not seen
And lo, the platform scale was born;
And soon throughout the world his name was sent
Till Austrian monarch dubbed him Knight.
"Beyond the sunset" reigned a Queen
Of lyric verse — now solemn, glad, triumphant,
Now throbbing with a song of love;
Here too an answering call
Goes deep in human heart.

And he whose eyes saw not,
Through "Uncle Lisha's Shop" gave sight
Of other days more vivid
Than other pen or voice had given to man.

Another heard the call in quiet, softer tone,
As fashioning with his childish hands,
One winter's day, a snow man — so complete
That stranger artist passing through the town
Sought out the lad — moulder of the Snow Angel.
Long years thereafter well known masterpiece
Proclaimed him great.

Another mighty son
Sitting 'neath the Dome on Beacon Hill
Proclaimed, "No man at any time, in any place,
Has right to strike against the people's safety."
And all the listening world
Heard the truth he uttered,
An echo from the generations gone
Still palpitating in his fearless breast.
And men knew who spoke
Could handle graver questions
For the world — And it was so.

Not these alone but out among the rugged hills
The challenge of Westminster, Windsor, Dorset,
Has wakened and will for ages yet
In hearts of youth a longing to be free —
To do unaided valiant deeds not done before.
And still they come.
Who knows but playing round the hearthfire
In some humble home today

Are little ones whose voices will be heard
Far off in answer to the call
Of those our sires so long ago.

And so that clarion voice
Shall hear its echo louder still
In souls as yet unborn —
Gathering to itself unmeasured volume
Down the centuries —
'Tis ours to make it so,
And Westminster lives today.

# SOME OF THE GENTLY GREAT

## ANNA HOWARD SHAW

(July 2, 1919)

Oh winner, with the laurel on thy brow
More fair than any crown that ever graced a throne,
We see thee now — forgetful of the thousand binding chains
That lesser soul would even yet have held;
But thou with dauntless courage broke them all
And touched at last the goal thine eyes have never missed.
The race is won — and now thou standest like a queen, unfettered,
Amid the plaudits of a countless throng.

## ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

The lights are out!
For one great heart has ceased to beat.
She was our leader, highborn soul;
Who followed felt the touch of noble hand
Kindling a spark that otherwise had never been,
Felt the keen thrill of purpose, clear defined,
Rise at her beckoning.
She carried high the torch of pure democracy
Seeing nor high nor low — but all,
Blended in one perfect whole —
Humanity.

We miss the steadying hand, the counsel wise,
The peerless strength, that ever spent itself
Yet never lost — yea, rather grew.
In days momentous yet to come
Within the field where lay her consecrated work,
Oh may we catch the vision of her splendid soul,
Leading us up to heights as yet unknown.

The lights are out!
But let us feel the hand that leads us in the dark.

December 1918

## LUDGER TOUSSAINT

(Student at Middlebury College. Fell at
Chateau-Thierry July 1918)

Oh rare and gifted soul!
How much of thy sweet presence we shall miss.
Are all our dreams for thee
Of promise bright, in fields of service
To be rendered other youth
Who have the same great longing
For knowledge, truth, —
Are these all lost and come to naught?
We've watched him from the days when but a little lad
He trudged to school with other boys,
Passing through the same old streets,
Hearing the same familiar sounds,
Meeting the same diversant groups upon the way;
But many a glorious vision came to his observant soul
That others saw not.

He knew the song of every bird that flew,
Loved them and called them all by name;
And flowers blooming on our hillsides green today
Are happier because he sought them out,
Found all their hiding-places in the shady nooks,
Caressed them, talked to them,

And often took them tenderly away
To gladden other hearts that loved them too.

He blended in most marvelous way
That aptitude for serving others,
With joy expressed in all the common things of every day;
Was brother, father, mother, to younger ones at home,
And always finding time to do
His own most precious work beside;
At school a leader in the finer things of life
To whom unwittingly his fellows turned for counsel wise.

Oh manly, splendid youth!
The short and beauteous life of service which thou gavest
Has made for thee immortal name!
First among those to answer call of duty
In the world's great cause of righteousness —
First among those to fall in that great hour
When tide of battle turned and foe fell back
In face of manhood's mighty struggle for the right.
Our hopes for thee of future usefulness are not lost
But found, in greater measure than we e'er had
dreamed.
Supremest gift thou madest, lad,
And lo! thy service to humanity,
The noblest, richest sacrifice that could be made.

## J. E. W.

May 10, 1926

He traveled not the public thoroughfare
Where men hailed him as he passed,
Or followed him with march triumphal;
Nor yet exclusive road
Trod only by the few;
But quiet, common ways invited him
And there he walked content.
Good fellowship along the way,
And friendly hand,
With loved ones near.
This was his life.

Men saw in him what held
Their thought on higher plane;
Protection women felt,
And little children,
Hands in his, were glad.
Beloved by all
This sun-crowned man
Who made of duty joy
And found but gladness in it.

And when he passed
Men knew a great palpitating
Human heart had gone,
And in its place a radiance was
Nor time nor distance
Could efface.

## M. E. P.

July 24, 1928

She was my friend, and yours.
Almost from childhood we two have been as one
In friendship's thought;
Hand grasped hand, eyes brightened as we met
And thoughts exchanged on matters grave or gay,
Kindling each within the other
Some spark of that which makes life real.
It was always so,
And though each went her several ways,
With interests divergent,
Back came together hand in hand again
As if no time nor distance intervened.

And what was mine was others'.
Unfettered was her life and broad her interest
As lavishly of self she gave,
Her benefactions never limited.
The multitude she knew,
And happy youth all up and down the land
Found hers the extended hand
Had helped to shape their course.

She went nor here nor there
But hearts outreached to her
Nor found it vain.
Hers was the great outpouring love
Would lift the binding weight
That bow-ed down,
Would light some torch grown dim,
Put courage into lowering hearts,
Would smooth the roughened road.

Intolerance she scorned,
Nor winked at wrong in any place.
Injustice found with her no mercy.
Her name spelled Loyalty, Devotion, Fortitude.

No costlier monument could we raise
Than that she reared herself
Unwittingly.

Oh! queenly mother, friend!
You live on — in human hearts
Made glad because of you.

## THE LONE EAGLE

February 4, 1902

This day is his, America's most cherished son,
And hers — whose throbbing heart knew not
Her hours of travail had given to the world
This priceless legacy,
As nestling in her arms
Seemed hers alone.
For him she planned and dreamed, as mothers do.
She saw in him that day and other days
The little playsome lad
Would chatter round the house,
And then at school and play with other boys.
But even mother's fondest dream
Saw not so far.

And the youth we know today,
The marvel of the century,
Goes daily on unheeding
That all the world would sing triumphant paean,
Would rear to him earth's costliest monument;
Rulers of the Universe — diplomats, scientists,
statesmen — all,

And countless more would fashion him a diadem;
While he, the modest lad,
Disclaiming aught
But simple commonplace devotion
To his chosen field,
Sits unmoved,
With other dreams yet unfulfilled —
The central figure of the world.

This day will yet be celebrate throughout the land,
And little children scatter flowers to do him homage
Whose day it is;
And men in friendly rivalry
Contend with words to tell his matchless story;
Yes, songs of him will thrill the listening multitudes
Who make of this a festive day.

Not ours alone this day to treasure
Blazoned in gold upon America's fair calendar;
For Eiffel Tower proclaims the hour
Which proudly fixed his port
And made of the Lilies of France a fillet,
The brow of America's eagle to grace;
And other lands, too, claim kinship
With this son, now idol of the Universe.

Today we hail you, royal mother, and him,
*Prince of the youth of the world,*
*King of the upper air!*

## A POET SOUL

Where'er he went some touch of Nature
Sprang to meet his sight,
And henceforth it was glorified;
Some hitherto neglected spot
Took on new meaning
As forth he called it
From its hiding place.

Some heart bowed down in silence
Under heavy hand,
Some home about whose hearth
Love long had ceased to play,
Roused from their slumber
With open eyes to meet his gaze —
And evermore were glad.

Into some lowly corner of the street
Where other eyes had never been
He looked and saw a bit of Paradise.
No field so barren
Or so desolate
But he found beauty there —
No life so dark and unadorned
His eye saw not some heavenly light.

1916

# THE WORLD IN TRAVAIL

## LET THERE BE LIGHT

March 25, 1917.

"Let there be light."
Long centuries ago that word was sounded from on High,
And there was Light.
Again throughout this whole wide earth
That cry ascends
To Him who taught us how to pray.

Let there be light!
In homes made desolate since long ago,
In hearts bedimmed with loss of loved ones.
Oh stretch Thine arms
Around this universe,
And let there evermore be light.

Let there be light!
That man once more may see his brother man
In love and not in hate,
That war-torn lands again may sheathe their swords,
Led by that Heaven-sent light,
That bloody wounds on battle fields may heal,
No more to open to the seeming powers of night.

Let there be light!
That Liberty in all its grandeur may be seen
Walking in majesty where hitherto have stood
Bowed heads, submissive to tyrannic will —
Now lifted out of darkness into Freedom's glorious view;
O come, thou blessed light.

## AT WAR

June 1917

We are at war!
Oh, grim and awful word
That long has stirred the hearts of men
And women everywhere—
We shrink from uttering thy name.

We are at war!
Most righteous war,
Wherein great curse from off the earth
Shall soon be wiped away
With costly, precious blood.

We are at war!
That like the surgeon's knife
Is cruel yet most mercifully kind.
Cut deep, oh solemn war, and strip away
The last foul, festering spot.

We are at war!
Oh may there soon be found
Some balm to heal and strengthen all
These devastated lands
That peace once more shall reign.

## FLAG OF THE BELGIANS

(Black, yellow and red)

Dark are the clouds, dear, brave, little state!
Black as the night is thy sorrow,
But the gold on thy shield says the sun shineth yet
And bright will the day be tomorrow.

Emblem most fit, the red of thy folds,
And the black on thy resolute border,
No less is the sunlight that floodeth between,
Bringing peace after all thy disorder.

Out of thy travail quiet shall reign,
Born of thy blood and thy heart throes;
And thy war-begrimed field shall be blooming again,
Triumphant with song of thy heroes.

Richer the day, dear, brave, little state —
Darkness and anguish confounded —
For the sunshine of God will bring joy to thy soul,
And peace and contentment unbounded.

1918

## WHICH?

We saw her smile and bid him go —
And as the train rolled out bearing her only son,
Full glorified she seemed,
Waving her last Godspeed.
We knew the strength of womanhood had triumphed
As she sent him forth mayhap to nevermore return.
No tears were there — but oh, such splendid pride
In that young soul who'd left it all
To take his manly part in crushing human wrong —
A matchless beauty on her brow,
And in her very poise of body standing there.

It is not you, brave one, it is not you —
To whom our hearts go out in sympathy today —
'Tis to that mother who has yet her son in close embrace—
The son in whom she had a mother's yearning pride
Before the testing-time
And he stood not.
He sold his claim to mother love, seeking some way
Whereby he might evade his country's call
And stay behind secure,
Then tried to justify his course by reason
That she fain would see.
She is not blind, e'en mother-love lives not
When shorn of that whereof respect is born —
Oh, God, we pity her.

1918

## IS IT I?

"Is it I?" The murmur rose around the table in
the upper room
On that far-off and solemn night in old Jerusalem—
And almost we can hear the Master's voice —
"Not thou — nor thou — nor thou —
But he that dippeth with me in the dish."
Oh, dark and awful night for him
Who held within his hand the thirty burning coins
That seared his very soul on that last hour!

And are there any yet who keep within their tighten-
ing grasp
The coin that means the very blood
Of some poor soul — some refuge from home, mayhap,
Driven hence by cruel hand of brutal foe?
Ten thousand wait today but for the opening hand
Of some of us to find the wherewithal to live once more,
Though never yet again to be with those they love,
Some clinch it fast and turn away —
Lord, is it I?

The silver coins grow brighter as we turn them o'er —
Shall we not hold them fast until some later hour
When we perchance may have a need of them?
The "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these"
Comes ringing in our ears — and lo, we ask again —
Lord, is it I?
Oh, will there be for us some solemn night
When all is past? And will the silver lose its sheen,
And burn within the soul of him who holds it dear?
Lord, is it I?

There are who think not, even now,
Of any save their selfish own — forgetting still
The brotherhood of man with man,
Whatever race or tongue or creed —
That each frail child of God has claim upon the other.
Lord, is it I?
And some there be who, seeing, yet will turn away
And spend a few more days in piling higher
Their growing, heaping, ever brimming store —
Lord, is it I?

Open thou our ears to hear
The call that comes from all around today —
For bread to feed the starving souls of those
Who've lost their hold on life,
As well as to sustain the hungry, shivering, little ones
Who find no warm and loving arms in which to crawl
For comfort and for shelter from the cold;

They look alone to us, fed, clothed and housed,
beyond all need,
In this fair land teeming with plenty.
Who turns away in silence from the scene today?
Lord, is it I?
If it be I, — stab deep within my breast
Until I wake and answer.

1918

NOTE—This in a daily paper brought a twenty-five hundred dollar contribution to the Red Cross.

## THE KING WHO CAME BACK

(Albert of Belgium)

On that dark August day when brutal foe
Crushed thundering through his very door,
One stood like wall of adamant,
Lending no ear to promise of protection
If allowed to pass,
Seeing in human right a greater thing
Than bending to a tyrant will.

No thought of safety for himself
In this great kingly soul,
Burdened with woes o'erwhelming
Of all his smitten people,
Sustained by one no less in purple clad,
Who shared with him in brighter days
The throne of no mean land.

King he was, yea, more,
Through all the years of anguish,
And now he leads
His heartened people back
Bearing in majesty
The plaudits of a grateful world.

Ah, Flanders, thou wert stricken sore
But oh the glory that has come to thee
In having this great master-soul
To lead thee back to light.

August 1919

## CHRIST'S GRAY GENERAL

(His reliance upon God in every undertaking gave
Marshal Foch this name)

What matter if the seeming powers of hell assail,
No might but that of God can e'er prevail,
And Christ's Gray General kneels today,

While roar of guns and deafening scream of shells
are heard
And maddening chaos seems the only word,
Yet Christ's Gray General kneels today.

When all around are piteous cries of great distress,
Fear not, benignant Heaven is near to bless,
For Christ's Gray General kneels today.

The long, thin line may bend but never shall it break;
"They shall not pass," a voice in answer spake,
When Christ's Gray General knelt today.

The shrieking, thundering crash of human arms is past;
"Peace upon earth, good will to men," at last.
Thank God for *Marshal Foch* today.

1918

## MEMORIAL DAY—1918

There never was since time began — save that
Wherein our Lord gave up His life —
A day more consecrate than this;
Freighted with all the sacrificial offerings that have been made —
Hallowed beyond all dream of human tenderness —
Filled to the uttermost with holy memories, not too far remote —
Shadowed by sacred thought of gifts supreme already made,
And those that are to be —
But lighted through Eternity
With that great beam that bathes in beauty
What is done for stricken, suffering, sore humanity.

Oh, sad day! Oh, glad day! To thee we bow in humble adoration,
And consecrate ourselves anew to service worthy thee,
Toward bringing in the *freedom* of the *world*.

## SHALL THEY HAVE DIED IN VAIN?

A thousand, thousand mounds of earth in shattered, bleeding France
Tell us a tale should be repeated oft
By every hearthstone, burning bright
Throughout this whole wide earth;
A tale of mingled love, devotion, faith,
And last supremest sacrifice.

They gave their splendid youth, their manhood, yes, their all
Renouncing brilliant dreams that had been theirs,
And dying, thus made real a dream more beautiful, more sweet,
Than any they had known.

Shall these have given their lives in vain?
Shall you and I accept the purchase price
They paid for human liberty,
For rights God-given to all.

Shall we accept the price and offer no return —
Shall you and I go on in careless seeking
Of our selfish own,
Content with ease and pleasure as before?
If so, they shall have died in vain,
And all this awful conflict may well have never been.

1919

# THE FLOOD

## THE CHALLENGE

Vermont, November, 1927

Our own belov-ed State is stricken sore
As up and down the peaceful valleys
Laughing, dancing, joyous streams
That had been ever so
Turned sudden maniacs,
Tore wildly through the solid barriers
Had held since time began,
Pounced down upon the unsuspecting shores
Carrying havoc, chaos everywhere,
Untamed, no human power to stay their fury.
Like frenzied beasts they raged
Crushing in their clutch, as if but bits of paper,
All that lay within their path.
And market-place and school and church
And fireside hearths and household goods
Men saw go down.
Yes, struggling little ones, strong men and women too,
Were but playthings of the maddening torrents
'Neath which they sank.
And desolation reigned, and tumult and confusion,
And hearts were torn asunder.

Then sudden, anguish smiled
And that great pulse of mighty past
That throbbed triumphant in our sires —
The heritage of old Green Mountain State —
Beat yet again,
And with returning sun heartened the stricken valleys,
Drew forth their valor,
And the moment of despair took flight.
They stood erect, a gallant troop full armored,
Took up the challenge,
And they live again.

Their story will be told to children's children
Round the household altars,
And heroic tales will fill the pages
Of Vermont's fair annals,
Today and coming days more glorious even than the past.

Oh, stricken people!
The sun shines yet,
And greater day already dawns
Than any we have known
*Because you held the trust.*

## VERMONT TRIUMPHANT

1928

O proud and royal mother, enthroned among the hills!

A thunderbolt had shaken her —
And for a moment stunned and prostrate
She lay upon a tottering throne,
Seeming baffled, beaten, dumb.
'Twas but a pause to draw one long deep breath —
Then something stirred within her bosom,
Pulses quickened, blood grew red —
And rising like a queen
With lifted head, she stood majestic,
Shook out her ruffled garments
And lo, her jeweled crown more bright
Shone far.

Its radiance unveiled a figure yet unseen —
For half concealed within the shadow
Stood a challenge, arms outreaching.
'Twas hers — she took it with one eager forward look,
And straightway mighty host, around, beneath, above,
With proffered arm were there.

See her now — her ermine smoothing —
Regal robes more fair, resplendent,
Throne unsullied, fixed more firm,
Mansfield's mighty arm protecting her,
Champlain's steadying waters round her,
Joyful streams, like naughty children chided
Then to be more sweet, caressing her,
Skies of blue, their frowns forgotten,
With loving arms encircling her,
Valleys green, O wondrous fair, are fondling her,
Faith of her loyal subjects near and far sustaining her,
Deep in the hearts of the nation enfolded,
She sits enshrined —
Queen of a mighty people triumphant.

Date Due

VERMONT DEPT. OF LIBRARIES
0 00 01 0384810 7

83955
St.J.